Made Ogletherpe's Colony Pamona.

Maving been invited to write a brief series of jetters giving account of my recollections of persons, things, and traditions notable in middle Georgia before the way between the States. I was inclined to do this service more readily, partly because of the fendases with which I recall what, in their times, were interesting, but mainly en account of the paucity of records which have been preserved.

Not long beat II was employed by parties who were intending to put forth a new history of one of the Northern efties to contribute three chapters on its bench and bar, medical faculties, and men of letters. I was much surprised at the amount of material furnished to

pried at the amount of material furnished to me to be conquered and reduced into conven-iently brief space. It was a pleasant thought how the people of that city had taken care to make and to save records of its eminent men in every department of endeavor during the lance of its two conturies of existence. Yet I reducted with sadness how far abort in this sees of its two conturies of existence. Its project our people of the furthest South have been in similar efforts to save from oblivion the mames of those who led its great, happy career. Strange though it is, the South has been always comparatively indifferent regarding both the discemination of its ideas and the perpetuation of its history. From the beginning of those struggles for independence of Great Britain, during those mighty events in field and in Cabinet, throughout the forming period of a period Federal Union, and sixty years of Federal Administration, men from the South were in the lead. Great ones indeed were there from the North and from the East. Whose cooperation was indispensable, and whose sacrifices were as patriotic and as great. Otts was a very great crator, but Henry was a greater; the Adamses were not superior to the greater; the Adamses were not superior to the Bandolphs; Washington was without his peer; Madison was on a level with Hamilton, Then there was Jefferson, with whom none were to pair. Bo in the judiciary. The nearest to Marshall was Bushrod Washington. Of that illustrious quartet in the next generation—Webster, Calhone, Clay, and Crawford—all but one ster, Calhoun, Clay, and Crawford-all but one ere from the South. The eareful expanding and the wise conservatism which dominated in Jederal politics for more than half a century of the lives of the most illustrious in the

country's earliest foretime we know much. Gratitude and pride that were national handed them down. Yet, even in those times were other men scarcely less great, but their work was done on less conspicuous arenas. There have been those who, if they had been politicians, would have equalled or approximated the highest. Of such men in the Northern States are many records telling of their achievements at the bar in State politics. were fully their equals are too little known because of the absence of memorials set down upon printed pages. If one goes to a public library in Philadelphia, or to that of many a private citizen there, he will be delighted to and books which tell of the splendid things done by Hamilton, Lewis, Francis, Meredith, the Tilghmans, and many another, some of the Tilghmans, and many another, some of whom, born in the South, removed to that larger field because of its wider opportunities. Tet contemporary with those were some in the State of Georgia who were their equals. There was one who, as a lawgiver, perhaps never had his superior. Another, an orator whom the men of his time compared with the most renowned of the bema and the forum. Those were not all of these who might be compared with the greatest in Philadelphia or elsewhere. Yet their names, so giorious what times their careers were running, are not often sounded, and even them mostly, if not only, when referring to the counties or the county-seats to which our fathers gave them when their deeds were fresh in their recollection, and then left them, dumb mouths, to perform the duty of transmission. is orie analogies are always being repeated.

risponie analogies are always being repeated. His orie analogies are always being repeated. The chroniclers of Greece were contemporary with the stirring events which they commemorated. Thoughdles, banished from Athens after the expedition into Thrace, studied the progress of the Peloponnesian war, and shortly after its close his history was completed. Kenophon was leader of the great campaign of the Greek auxiliaries which he controlled. In that scountry, along with the enactment of great actions, was their recording. The Roman historian. Sallust, in praising this diversity in Greeian activities, referred sadly to the want of it among his own countrymen. Roman genius, he complained, had been exerted in performing, not recording great a tions, less concerned in erecting memorials in honor of what had been done by their unfinished work. In Rome had been men equal to the greatest in Greeian story, but, in the sheenes of recordings, they were little known compared with the filustrious in Athens, Boards, and Corinth, who lived centuries before. Having been thrown out of the politics of the period, he spent a part of his time in narrating the events with which he was contemporary. Unfortunately, his writings, except the "Jugurthan War" and "Catiline's Conspiracy," have been lost How in present and contemporary.

Baying been thrown out of the period, he spent a part of his time in narrating he swents with which he was contemporary. Unfortunately his writings, except the "Jugurthan War" and "Catiline's Conspiracy." have been lost, How important have been even these fragmentary remains in making up the history of that people!

I have been other reminded of the imment of that historian, while comparing the South with the North. In the North at all periods, along with those devoted to great achievements, have been others as eager to transmit them. The South, on the contrary, has been active, even foremest, in all endeavors of genius except in memorials of what it has done. Foremost in ball endeavors of genius except in memorials of what it has done. Foremost in ball endeavors of genius except in memorials of what it has done. Foremost in ball endeavors of genius except in memorials of what it has done formance of suffering, leading in statesmanship, unrivalled in oratery at the bar, the forum and the pulpit, yet among those of our forefathers, hot one bethought to put down unon the written page what either himself or his compariods did for the glory of their country and their times. The consequence was that by the outside world, the Bouth was never appreciated at its worth because it was never understood. As for its earlier history, indeed as for all of its history down to this period, it never will be understood. The saddest of all is that in its entirety it is not known to its own people. It is not that we or the South are dedicent in pride for the traditions that have come down to us, but they are traditions only, or mainly traditions. The special occasions of their heroic scilons, their wise counsellings, their releasely rivaries and conflicts, their great estimates the second of the release of the second occasions of their heroic scilons, where were these, when, and amidst what conditions, the spirits who did and those who witnessed let bases by as unworthy or notes. The second of the second occasions of their history acthing.

I have undertaken to write some things about what I have known personally and by bearany of some notable men and things in middle Georgia. They will have no sort of historic value, but I trust that they may excite yeme interest among those who will read them, particularly young men, some of whom may be intending to give their special studies to the history of the State.

Youngest and remetest of the thirteen Georgia was the fourth to join the Federal Union, and as faithfully as the best sustained its part of the sacrifaces in the war of independence. I wenty-four heurs after news of the battle of Lexington reached flavannah, three young men, indward Telfair, Joseph Habersham, and Neble Wimberly Jones, with a small band, in the darkness of night, removed from the royal magazine a quantity of powder, a portion of which, with other articles, including accernal hundred dollars in specie, was sent to Boston. Although all the parties were well known, not a single gitting was tempted by the large reward offered by Governor Wright to lodge information, and so no proceeding could be instituted for the action. One of these same young men, Joseph Habersham, a you'h of 24, shortly

the euter of Magine Secretal lapt the "gime and the Smith of Powers when shifted level and the Smith of Powers when shifted level and the Smith of t

Petrifaction or Sculpture!

Petrifaction or Sculpiure?

From the San Francisco Chronicla.

EUGENE, Ore., March 13.—One of the greatest curiosities in a geological sense that has yet oome to light was uncerthed yesierdar and brought to Eugene to-day, where it was seen by your reporter in company with several scientific men, among whom was Prof. Thomas Condon of the Oregon State University.

The discovery was made by Fred Rainton. He started down the Willametts River Tuesday in a boat on a hunting and fishing trip, intending to go to the mouth of the river. When about six miles below Eugene the boat struck a snag, breaking it open and throwing the whole outht in the river. Mr. Helston swam ashors and returned to Eugene. Testerday he went to recover his guns and equipments which were quite valuable.

As he was about to start bome he saw something in the embankment which looked like a human leg. He dug it out and arrived here with it to-day. It is a solid piece of stone which was at first supposed to be a mummy. All the wrinkles muscles and ligaments were plainly traceable. The nesition is that of a corpse prepared for burial. The body represents a short, thick-set man, with fat nose and large mouth, but the shape of the head would indicate more intelligenes. The features would lindicate more intelligenes. The same and lags are closed and the hands are lying against the chest. Even the nippie and ribs are distinct. The body with the feet broken of, is a little over three feet in length and weights about 200 pounds.

Perf. Condon thinks it is probably a carving but for such it is one of the most wonderful relice of past races yet discovered.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. How a Yankou Trick Beat the Afghan As a soldier under two Gevernments I have feacht Sepoys, Boers, Bettentots, Maoris, In-dians, Malays, and civilized white men, but for dians, Malays, and elvillated white men, but for real, downright ferceity and downed perseverance I give the medal to the Afghans. Such a thing as cowardice is unknown among them. They are ready for a fight at a moment's notice, and they can stand the cold steel and grape and cannister longer than any white troops I was ever opposed to. They are fanatics to the last drop of blood, and when an enemy fully believes that death on the battlefield means eternal praise for his name and stornal rest for his soul, he becomes doubly sternal rest for his soul he becomes doubly dangerous.

In the march to Cabul, which wen laurels for

the British arms only that they might be covered with the disgrace of bad diplomacy, we found the Aighan on his own soil and on bat-tlefields of his own selection, and, though we could drive him in every instance, each victory cost us some of the best blood in the English one of our outposts, as the column was en-

camped in the Coots valley to recrait its strength and bring up supplies, was nine miles to the north, where it covered a strategic point, A detachment of 100 men was kept there for and I went out with the last detachment. We were all infantry, and we had 100 rounds of ammunition for our muskets. The post was not in the valley, but up among the affile, where it covered three different passes, and it was a terribly lonesome spot. It was among the ruins of an old temple, and the first com-panies holding it had used the great blocks of stone to build a fort. This structure was about 100 feet square, crowning a steep hill, and the walls were about twelve feet high.

Two sides of it were the walls of the old temple, strengthened a little, and while it was a rude affair as a fort it was a stout and safe retreat in case of a few men being hard pressed.

The blunders made in that historic campaign are too numerous to be recorded. The most impartial historians are agreed that incompetency was the leading feature. We had been at the post two days when the Captain in com-mand took fifty of the men for what he called a reconnoissance up one of the passes to the north of us, and at the same time sent twentyfive men on another fool's errand to the east. We had been put there simply and solely to prevent the enemy from coming down the pass right at our door, and entering the valley. What was beyond us did not matter. There was muttering among the men as they were marched out, each carrying twenty-five rounds of ammunition, and they called "farewell" to the twenty-two of us left behind. Half an hour after they had passed out of sight we heard sharp firing to the north; and east and

not one single man ever returned to us. They were ambushed in the defiles and slaughtered, just as might have been expected.

On this very same day the main army decided to advance. A courier was despatched to notify an outpost, but he never reached us. either turning back through fear or having been picked off by some concealed rifleman. appeared in large numbers, both above and below us, and then we knew what had happened: indeed, they taunted us with the annibilation of our comrades, and gave us the news that the main column had moved on and deserted us. An old Sergeant, who had passed twenty-two years in the service, was in command of us, and as soon as he fully realized the disaster which had come about he called the men together and said:

sand men could not push their way down into the valley now, to try and overtake the col-"But what can we do?" asked a corporal.

"But what can we do?" asked a corporal.

"Die!" replied the Bergeant. "That's what we were sent out here for, anyhow. We are twenty-two to hundreds and thousands. We must kill as many of the devils as we can and

then lay down ourselves."

There wasn't a glimmer of hope. We knew the Afghan. In that long and bloody cam-paign neither side bothered with prisoners. If we captured one, ten, fifty, or a hundred it was puff! bang! and they were left lying dead as we marched on. If one of our men fell into their hands his head was lopped off or a spear sent through him before he could wink twice. They'd have the life of every man, even if they yielded up twenty lives for one. Some would

follow on after the column, but hordes would be left behind to harase the outposts left along the line of communication. It stood us in hand to make good use of the few hours left to us. The Afghans were elated tack that evening, but we knew the morrow would open a slege which might last until there was no longer a man to defend the fort. As there were five days' rations for 100 men, the twenty-two of us had close upon a month's provisions. As for water, there was a spring publing up within the fort, and all the prep-

arations we could make consisted in strengthening the position, During the night we built
a bomb proof, hauled in a large supply of firewood, and not one of us got a wink of sleep.
Day had scarcely troken when we found ourselves aurrounded by at least a thousand natives. The first more on their part was to demand a surrender. This was promptly rejused,
and mustarty fire was then opened on the
fort. We made no return, but avoided the portholes as much as possible, cooked breakfast,
and most of the men slept until noon.

The earth slanted was the cree of steep
bill. The earth slanted was my cover for a nemy. He far as musketry was copeared, they might blane away
for a year and not burt any one, but we knew
they would soon bring up field pleese against
us. There was only one spot where they
could plant the guins to get the proper clevation on us, and that was just opposite the
north centre of the fort, on a little plateau
forth centre of the fort, on a little plateau
forth centre of the fort, on a little plateau
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forth centre of the fort, on a little plateau
forth centre of the fort, on a little plateau
forth centre of the lottle that
the lumber to build plat
the day we backed this wall with other blocks
of stone, and made it as secure as circumstances would permit, and when night came
the onemy had fired \$ 1000 buildet at us
without inflicting the least
day the country of the country
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to be desired to build plat
took their stations when darkness fel. Went
took their stations when darkness fel. Went
took their stations when darkness fel. Went
took their stations when darkness fel.

That attack was a fgood thing for us. The
enemy gave us credit for three times our actius free the country of the country of the
enemy save us credit for three times on the
strength and therefore t

lence the fire. They got the guns trained on one particular spot, and before night came we knew that they could breach we in two days more. As darkness closed in their fire was suspended. They could see the progress they had mad, and there was no need of hurry.

We had with us a native-born fanke, who had fought under simpes every flag, and taken the oath of allegiance to four or five Governments, and early in the evening we noticed him overhanding the pile of poles we had dragged in for firewood. He at length selected out four or five, which had all the apring of American hickory, and then unfolded his idea to the foregons. It was simple enough, but no one but a lankee would have ever thought of it. We first laid five shert poles on the ground and pinned them fast. Then, three feet in rear of them we elevated five other short poles about two feet from the ground on crotches. When the end of a long pole was put over one of these and rested against the one on the ground, we had what would have been a spring board, if there had been any board about it. We then nailed box-covers to the other ends of the poles made ropes fast to bend 'em down, and we had a principle made use of in war 1.600 years ago. This illustration will give you a clearer idea:



Now, then, pull down the end of the pola place a stone on the pan and let go, and the spring sends the stone flying sky high, to come down with a crash on somebody's head. In an hour we had the five ready and playing away, there being plenty of broken stone in the fort for ammunition. There was spring enough to the poles to throw a five-pound stone sixty rods, and we heard sounds to prove that we drove the enemy from a dozen different positions during the pight.

The gruns opened on us early in the morning, and then a funny thing took place. It may seem almost absurd to you, but I'm giving you only what was officially reported when I say that with our five spring guns, as you might call 'm, we actually drove the gunners out of that redoubt and allenged their fire. After a little practice we could get just the right spring to send the stone soaring away like a bomb, to fall upon their uncovered heads. A jagged atone, weighing from one to five pounds, and falling from a height of flity or sixty feet, is not to be despised. They tried to get a sheltar over them, but with our muskery fire at the embrasures, and our rocks dropping from above, they had to desert the redoubt. Wherever we found a body of the enemy sheltered by rock or thickes to fire on us we trained our Yankee inventions on them, and they had to withdraw.

After the failure of the artillery to breach the

thicket to fire on us we trained our Yankee inventions on them, and they had to withdraw after the failure of the artillery to breach the walls the Afghans sat down to starve us out. The idea was to wear us out as well, and a fire of musketry was maintained day and night. They probably didn't expect to do any great harm by this fire, but they knew it would keep us on the alert and annoy and irritats. It did have that effect and they thereased us further by threats of assault. We on our part kept them dedging with our missiles, and I have no doubt we wounded a good many of them in that way. They couldn't make out what sort of guns we had which fired without noise and threw rocks instead of iron or lead, and this puzzle was what prevented them from carrying our walls by assault.

For thirty-six long days and nights we were cooped up in that fort, not suffering for food and drink, but a prey to constant anxiety, and then the second main column came up from the coast and sent us relief. In the fight in the pass below the fort over 300 natives were killed, and of the dozen captured alive every man of them expressed a desire to see our strange guns before being disposed of as prisoners were. They were brought inside and permitted to inspect them, and their curiosity was unbounded. Poor devils: They were backed against the wall, not twenty feet away, and shot to death even as their faces still expressed wonder and astonishment.

Two of a Kind-Almost,

He passed down the alsle of the car t the seat occupied only by a man wearing a weed on his hat, and there halted and sat down, and every passenger thought it a funny thing that two men, each a widower, should

down, and every passenger thought it a funny thing that two men, each a widower, should thus be brought together. At least ene of the widowers also thought it funny, for after a bit he turned and queried:

"Your wife dead?"
"So's mine. Yours die of fever?"
"So' mine. Yours die of fever?"
"So' did mine. Leving, faithful, and economical?"
"So was mine. Broke you up, didn't it?"
"So did in. Couldn't eat nothing for half aday. Have a big funeral procession?"
"So did I. Counted thirty-one buggles and wagons. Got a gravestone up yit?"
"So did I. Counted thirty-one buggles and wagons. Got a gravestone up yit?"
"Neither have I. Death is an awful sad thing, all it?"
"Iea."
"But we must make the best of it. We cannot help the dead by mourning. Got your eye on a second wife?"
"No. sir!" was the indignant reply.
"How long's your wile bin dead?"
"A year."
The other picked up his valies from the floor. vacated his seat, and as he started for the car ahead he said;
"Biranger, I thought we was two of a kind, but I diskiver that I'm wrong in my figgers. One of us tells the truth, and the other is a gaul darned liar, if I die for it! Good day!"

Financiering in Georgia.

Financiering in Georgia,

Four or five of us were waiting on a hotel verands in a Georgia town for the 'bus to ored man came along, dragging after him about the meanest-looking dog you ever saw. 'What are you going to do with him?" asked

one of the group.
"Kill him, sah!" "But why ?" "No good, sab." "Then sell him."

"Can't do it." "Then give him away." "Nobody would dun take him."
[I'll take him. Bring him right up here."

You is foolin', sah." "No. I sin't. Here, give him to me, and here's a quarter for you."

He tied the dog to a chair and ran over to a hardware store and bought a collar. Then he went to a dry goods store and got half a yard

of red silk and a yard of blue ribbon, and in ten minutes the dog was blanketed up and bowed up until he did look fancy. He was

ten minutes the dog was blanketed up and bowed up until he did look fancy. He was taken to the depot in the 'bus, and we had scarcely arrived when a white man, who sat on a box whitting, came forward and said:

"What ye got thar, atranger?"

"Chinese fox hound," replied our friend.
"Bhool Never saw one before."

"This is the only one in this country."

"Gost a beap."

"Given to me by the Chinese Consul at Washinston, but I wished he had him back. He's is so wild after game that he bothers the life out of me."

"Is he all right for this climate?"

"Oh, yes."

"A perfect baby."

"A perfect baby."

"Well—tum. I nover set any value on him. He's a present, and I suppose I ought to keep him. but as he is a fox dog and this is a fox country, some good man around here ought to have him."

"Um! Make it twenty dollars?"

"On't do it. Just got two tens here for the dog as he standa"

"We'l, I suppose you'll use him well, and it will be better for the dog."

"We rolled away on the train as the purchaser headed for home with his dog. None of us could say a word for a long, long time. It was the geller who finally spoke first, and he said:
"Gentlemen, think it over, and be ready to name your drink when we reach Atlanta."

A Curious Coincidence.

"Speaking of coincidences," said the man with the wooden leg, as he lighted a half-consumed eigar he had been carrying in an old handkerchief; "speaking of coincidences, gentlemen. I can tell you a very singular thing. I was going up Niagara street, in Buffalo, when I saw a man with a wooden leg

on the other side of the street coming down.
We looked across at each other and stopped.
Bays I to myself, and says he to himself:
"That is low lost his leg at the battle of
Gettraburg, or I'm a sinner!"
"We!]" asked one of the group.
"We!]" asked one of the group.
"We!] asked one of the group.
"We!] the says I to myself, and
eave he to himself:
"I'll strike him for a quarter, and an eld comrade and sellow-antierer will shell out.""
"We!]"
"Yery curious coincidence, gentlemen—very
curious." continued the man, as he puffed
away at his old stuh." We met on the crosswalk. We shook hands. We struck each other
for a quarter, but didn't get it. We were both
deau broke. Notther of us was in the battle
of Gettraburg, or any other battle. Then says
I to myself, and says he to himself:
"Blast his eves! but he's a travelling on his
shape and telling a tale of wee, and he's no
man for me to associate with!" and so we
walked off. I don't like coincidences myself;
there's no money in 'em."

The St. Lawrence State Hospital st Ordensburg is a centre of public, professional, philanthropic, and legislative interest. Though projected in advance of the adeption of the system of State care for the linease it was opened at a time to make it come under close observation in relation to the question of State care, and the friends of this departure from the inefficient, often almost barbarous provisions of County Rouse confinement, could have no better example to point the excellence of their theories than this new and progressively planned State hospital. The members of the State Lamey Commission and Miss Schuyler and her colleagues of the State Charities Aid Society, who fought the State Lawrence State Hospital with the state they were in under their former custodians, the county flower of the St. Lawrence State Hospital with the state they were in under their former custodians, the county flower of the St. Lawrence State Hospital with the state they were in under their former custodians, the county flower of the Bt. Lawrence State Hospital with the state they were in under their former custodians, the county flower of the Bt. Lawrence State Hospital with the state they were in under their former custodians, the county flower of the norther New York countes. At the best even when these officials realized the responsibility of their charge and were actuated by humane impulses, the county houses offered no chance of remedial treatment. Castody and maintenance, the former mainly a reliance on force, the latter often of scant provision, were the sum total of what was deemed necessary for the latter often of scant provision, were the sum total of what was deemed necessary for the latter often of scant provision, were the sum total of what was deemed necessary for the latter of the interface of the profital realization. The proportion of the total provision, were the sum total of what was deemed necessary to the complete of the interface of the profit of the interface of the profit of the interface of the profit

which willing a many of "strain" and a second strain of the second strai

VILLAINY BETRAORDINARY.

Astonishing Doings at the Beath of a High Dignitary of the Greek Church, A great criminal case, which illustrates the corrupt on prevalent among the high eccle-Hungarian empire, has come to trial recently in Agram. The primores are Nikodem Lemajies, court preacher and but two ecclesiastical steps below the office of Patriarch; Michael Stojanovica, administrator of the tem-poral affairs of the putriarchal palace in Kar-lowitz and the Cloister of Fenck; Dr. Milan Dimitrievica, I rincipal of the Karlowitz Gym-nasium and President of the Karlowitz Loan and Trust Fund, and Dr. Jovan Grunica, editor of the Srbaki Narod, the most influential newspaper in the district around Karlowitz. Porgery, theft, and burglary are the charges against these men. The prosecution will cost

the Hungarian Treasury \$50,000.

The bistory of the care begins with a scene of almost unprecedented viliality and inhumanity in the patriarchal paince in Karlowitz on the night of Dec. 7, 1888. German Angyelics, Patriarch Metropolitan of the Greek Church, then lay dying in his bed chamber. On the sofa at the foot of the bed dozed his chamberlain, George Bavics. Otherwise the expiring prelate was alone. In the next room, however, sat Lemajies. Btojanovics, Dimitrievice, and Gruiles awaiting eagerly the last breath of their benefactor. Every half hour the dark, round head of Lemajics, the court preacher, was thrust through the crack of the half open door to inquire impatiently after the dying prelate's condition. At 3 o'clock in the morning the desired catastrophe came, and the Pairiarch's eyes closed forever. The chamberlain announced the fact to the little party in the adjoining 100m, and there was at once a scene of ecclesization plunder and piliage such as professional Hungarian brigands have seldom equalled.

The court preacher, Lemajics, went through

the dead man's clothes, transferred to his own pockets all the money found there, and, with the Patriarch's bunch of keys, hastened to open the writing desk at the head of the bed. From the drawers he secured a roll of \$40 bills, sev-eral handfuls of \$2 and \$8 bills, an I a quantity of loose gold. In the mean time the holy Sto-janovice of the Cloister Fenck took the cap from the head of the dead body, and abstracted from it the gold pieces with which the Patri-arch had lined it. He also upset the mattress under the corpse, and carefully examined the bed clothes for odds and ends of the prelate's

hidden wealth.

Dimitrievics, bank President and professor, was obliged to content himself with the leavings of his spiritual superiors. Thanks to his tage of his comparatively meagre opportunity that he came off better than either of them.